

CONSIDER THYSELF—Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. GALATIANS 6: 1.

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDA H. MCGLONE GIBSON

KEN'S FATHER

There was a sudden lightning at my heartstrings as I heard that Ken was asking for me. I determined I would not see him until after he returned from his honeymoon.

"Well, children, I shall have to leave," said Mr. Halsey.

Both the boys arose with nice deference and thanked him for his visit.

"He's a grand old man," said Jerry Halsey, as he left.

"You bet he is," said Jimmie. "Many a dollar he gave me when I carried groceries to the back door of his house. And he never made a mistake in my life."

Ken's father was a man of great wealth. I did not quite understand it at the time, added to my self respect and determined not to be someone's "little girl," as he always was my standard.

"Well, Ken's all right, too, Jimmie," I said somewhat testily of this eulogy of Ken's father at the expense of Ken. Shortly after he left for home.

As the weeks went on I became so interested in my work and so happy in the society of Mamie, Jerry and Jimmie and with the constant watchfulness and care of Mr. Halsey, that I believe I was happier than I had ever been before.

One night when I was very busy working on some copy for the next day, a thought wholly unrelated to the work in hand flashed into my mind. I drew a sheet of paper to me and wrote:

"Straight through my heart this fact to-day:
By truth's own hand is driven,
Life never takes one thing away,
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years,
This law of love and kindness,
I only mourned through bitter tears

My loss in sorrow's blindness:
I thought it only happened so,
That time the truth has taught me,
No least thing from my life can go.
But something else is brought me.

Slowly I read it over wondering whether I had really written it or whether it was a faint remembrance of something I had read.

"I'm sure I never read it anywhere," I said to myself as I went over it carefully again, and realized how true the thought was.

"Life never takes one thing away," I repeated softly to myself. "And then my mood changed. I slipped all my papers away and called up my good friends to see that I had changed my mind and would go with them for the ride in the country, which they had been planning all day and which I had declined on account of my work."

"Life is worth living after all," I thought as I gathered up my scattered papers, and even found myself humming a tune. Then I stopped with a guilty feeling, but I had no time to dwell on the deed, for a messenger boy handed me a great box of roses and nestled in the corner was a little box containing a tiny jeweled wristwatch. I did not need to open the note to know that it was from Ken. He had written me a letter and enclosed the watch. I was overjoyed at his quaint way of reminding me of what I meant to him.

"It is my birthday. Will you accept this as a birthday present from me? You have been of inexpressible comfort to me since my dear child, although Ken has been longer than I anticipated yet I have missed him less than I expected, because your dear child has taken a daughter's place in my heart. And so I sign myself, Your loving father, Richard Halsey."

Dorothy Dix Talks

THE IMAGINARY RIVAL

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

A man writes me that he doubts his fiancée's affection for him because she is always extolling the charms of a certain movie hero, and he wants to know if I think that the girl really loves him while she raves about the soulful eyes and Greek profile of the gentleman on the screen, and she is made to love him, and men do it in novels and on the stage, and never do in real life.

Books. None of us long as a man hasn't anything to be jealous of except a film, he is luck. There is no danger of that being put out of his head. It only he has sense enough to realize that the girl's admiration for this stage hero, whom she really loves, is a little romantic mercurial on the lemon pie of life. She enjoys just a little of now and then, but doesn't want to be a steady diet, and she no more desires really to marry the man in the picture than to live on pastry. It is a good thing, and a good, steady, tender with a snub nose, and no real love affair, a woman wants for regular consumption.

As a matter of fact, every husband and wife in the world has one of these imaginary rivals. Sometimes it is a hero in a book. Generally it is a man or woman of the person. It is the man or woman we didn't marry, and who is so different from the one we did marry.

With the man, the woman he did not marry is always young and beautiful. When he looks across the table at the woman he did marry, and perceives her fat, and grizzle haired, with sagging cheeks, and triple chin, he thinks how different she is from the other one who would have the glory of eternal youth and beauty about her.

And the woman he did not marry would have been some sort of miracle worker who would never have bothered him about money. She would have preened over her house that was always spick and span, in which there were perfect meals, and plenty of heat and light, and well trained servants, but there would have been no bills to bother him and no dead weight of children's shoes, and the laundress, and to pay my milliner!—shot across the breakfast table, and he did for him.

And the woman he didn't marry would have been a sweetly reasonable creature who would always greet him with a glad, sweet smile when he came home at three p.m., and told him how glad she was that he took a little time to himself. And she would know that because a man is married doesn't afflict him with any kind of stagnation that prevents him from taking part in a pretty face, or a trim ankle, that happened to drift across his vision. She would not make him show up on time of an evening, nor would she be filled with deep, dark suspicions of every girl who is half her age and weight at whom her husband looks, as is the wife of his bosom.

A beautiful and handsome young creature who is never sick, who has no nerves or temper, who was born with a permanent wave in her hair, with fangs growing on her back like feathers on a peacock, and who can live on air, that is a woman's mental picture of the woman he didn't marry, and that is the deadly rival with whom he is always comparing his wife in his thoughts.

Of course, he knows that no such person exists, but all the same, she is a kind of consolation to turn to when his wife calls him to look, and grows hard to live with.

The man a woman didn't marry is the perfect lover. He would have wooed and won her in romantic situations, and talked sentiment to her in poetic language, and popped the question to her in a frenzied outburst of passion which thrilled her to remember the best day of her life. He would never have said: "Gee, Mary, but I am strong for you. What do you say to our going tied up in the harness?" as did the man she married.

And the man she didn't marry would never have wanted her to take a moment to her. He would have continued to kiss her for forty years with an ardor that never abated. He would have told her that she grew more beautiful year by year, and he would have sung poems of praise in honor of her housekeeping.

He would never have had to be reminded to come back and give her a bacon-and-eggs peek on the cheek when he started to work, nor would he have demanded to know why she couldn't learn to make pie like mother's. He would have been a man to whom she is married.

The man she didn't marry would have known that she was All Soul, that she was, somehow, different from other women, and that the reason she never could keep the butcher's bill within reason, or have meals on time was because she was a genius who had thrown away her great career by making the mistake of getting married instead of elevating the stage, or writing a masterpiece. And he would have understood that when she got angry and was ashamed of it afterwards that it wasn't really temper, but just because she was temperamental and finely strung, and he would have sympathized with her instead of telling her not to act like a fool, as does the man to whom she is married.

And the man she didn't marry would have been able to make money with one hand and romantic love with the other, so to speak. In real life a woman generally has to choose between the man who can give her a limousine and the one who can entertain her, but the man a woman didn't marry isn't tied down to an office. He can take his wife to afternoon teas, and play golf with her on mornings, and he is equally strong on poetry, and the stock market.

A woman knows that, in reality there isn't any man like the one she didn't marry, but she gets a little comfort in thinking about him, and dreaming about what might have been, and then she comes

Lonely? Have "Personality Doll"

As Company When Beloved's Away!

BY DUUNA BARNES

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—Have you ever heard of "personality dolls?"

There has been no year like this for the doll passion. Every artist is carving, sewing or molding them; dolls for grown-ups and dolls for children. But the "personality doll"—have you seen it? The doll that looks exactly like yourself, or your wife if you prefer, or perhaps the young girl you intend to marry.

Such are the new dolls as invented by the world-famous Hoppe—the London photographer who knows all there is to know about beautiful women.

THE QUEEN AND THE DOLL.

He has already made portrait dolls of celebrities in London. It is whispered that the queen has one, and that Theda Bara came in for a master stroke, and that a famous beauty like her like her before her with the words: "I have an engagement for the opera, tonight, and knowing how fond you are of me, and how much I love you, I have had Hoppe make a personality doll just like me. The doll will keep you company and will not leave."

Another story has it that a young gentleman, trying this same method on his adoring wife, crept into the drawing room with his likeness in doll form to offer as company for an evening, that would otherwise be spent alone, only to find upon his entrance a doll likeness of his wife with this note:

"Here I am, dear—attending to your every mood!" The story does not say what the doll told him other.

CAY OR DOWNEERING.

These personality dolls, or "simulacra," as they are sometimes called, are, it is demonstrated, submissive to the whims of the owner. They catch the mood of the moment. They may be angry or even downeering, according to the mood of the owner.

Mr. Hoppe, when asked how he catches likenesses, said that he has a studio just as in a photograph room, but he catches the mood of the moment. They may be angry or even downeering, according to the mood of the owner.

Walt Mason

USELESS REGRETS

I'm old and badly on the blink. I have no brains with which to think, no teeth with which to eat, my head is bald, my ears are blind, and rheumatism, the common kind, is aching in my feet. I often wish that I had never been born.

It is this vision of the romance they have never had that makes men and women fall in love with the stars of the screen. And it is a perfectly harmless and safe way of blowing off sentimental steam.

Dr. James I. Vance

What we need is not to be made immune from struggle. There is something better than exemption. No one has any respect for exemption papers. Real life means struggle. The battlefield is everywhere.

We must fight temptation. It turns loose its barrage. He who tries to get away from temptation only runs into an ambush.

We must wrestle with our own ugly dispositions. A bad temper that has broken control is worse than a caged beast let loose.

We must struggle against habits that enslave. Many a man wears a collar more telling than from a handkerchief stronger than steel. They have been forged by habit.

Frequently one must fight a physical handicap—always we are buffeted by circumstances. Poverty is the common lot. Disappointment comes to all. There are losses and reverses. There are heavy burdens that must be carried, and crushing sorrows that must be borne.

The important thing is not to keep out of the way of temptation, but when it meets you, to handle it in such a way that you go on stronger; is not to have no temper, but to have lots of it and keep it under control; is not to despise the power of habit, but to employ it in pursuits that are decent and commendable; is not to be ashamed of a physical handicap, but to use your crutch as a king his scepter.

Is this possible? It is. The secret is faith. It is the strategy of victory in life's conflicts. It is the secret of triumph living all along the line. The man who throws away his faith invites defeat. He who thinks more of his doubts than of his faith is getting ready for a fall.

Uncle Sam, M. D.

SUGAR AND SEDIMENT IN URINE.

1. What is the appearance of sugar in the urine?

Since the sugar is dissolved, there is no way of telling merely by appearance whether sugar is or is not present in the urine. That can only be done by means of a chemical test, or by means of fermentation. As a rule, to be sure, the patient having sugar in the urine has a large amount of urine daily, and this causes the urine to be pale yellow in color, but the urine may be pale merely from drinking large quantities of water and yet contain no sugar.

2. What is the cause of a sediment in the urine (in appearance it is like the white of an egg)?

There are many different forms of urinary sediment, and only a person trained in urine analysis can determine the nature of the sediment. In cold weather, a sediment often forms because the urates are less soluble in cold urine. Such a sediment readily dissolves when the urine is warmed. In hot weather, there may be a sediment due to pus, or to the shedding of epithelial cells of the genito-urinary tract. A person suffering from any of the urinary troubles here described should at once place himself under the care of a qualified physician.

LABORS WRONGS.

"An" when I told 'em in the office that me money wasn't right, he says, 'Ere's a ready reckoner—work it out yourself, and believe me or believe me not, but when I looked at the blessed book I found it was last year's."

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—He Doesn't Take Stock in Pop Anymore.

HERE! YOU AND JUMBO OUT THIS RACKET AND YOU GET OFF THAT TABLE AS YOU ARE SURE TO FALL!

WOOF BOWOOF

CRASH

POD, WHY DIDN'T YOU KETCH ME? YOU KNEW I WUZ GONNA FALL FOR YOU SAID SO!

Sister Mary

If you think there is a leak in the connection of a gas pipe and the plumber is not very definite as to the hour of his arrival, a can of soap may be used to great advantage.

Take a heavy scrubbing soap and rub the joint well with the dry soap. The leak will be stopped temporarily, and the delay of the plumber will not be so noticeable. A can of soap may be used to seal the threads and stop the leak.

MY OWN RECIPES.

There never was a man living who didn't like buckwheat cakes and sausage for breakfast. I have a recipe for a raised batter they have a lightness not to be acquired in any other manner. The batter which is a better thing than venison to use but don't make the kind of cakes that "mother used to make."

1 cup cooked rolled oats.
1 teaspoon minced onion.
1 cup strained milk.
1 cup chopped peas.
1 cup canned cheese.
2 tablespoons melted butter.
1 teaspoon salt.
Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake 25 or 30 minutes.

HERMITS.

2 eggs.
1 cup sugar.
1 cup butter.
2-3 cups flour.
1 cup sweet milk.
2-3 teaspoon soda.
2-3 teaspoon baking powder.
1 cup chopped raisins.
2-3 teaspoon cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice.
Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs well beaten. Mix dry ingredients. Add to first mixture. Add milk and raisins. Drop from spoon onto buttered and floured pan and bake in moderate oven. It may be hard to cook but it must be harder to have nothing to cook.

Little Benny

My cousin Artie came over for supper yesterday and me and him was in the setting room waiting for the supper bell to ring and pop was looking at the paper and saying, Confound it, wait holding up chow chow, I'm as hungry as a flock of Russian geese.

Me saying to Artie, I bet I'm hungrier than you, and Artie saying, Like fun you are, if you was as hungry as me you'd be eating by this time. I'm so hungry I could eat a hole 25 pound turkey stuffed with cranberry sauce without even unbuttoning my belt.

Artie said anything, I bet, I'm so hungry I could eat breakfast, dinner and supper with 3 helpings of everything and still be hungry.

Well, here's what that artie hungry, and Artie, good, I bet so hungry I could eat the rubber off the end of a pencil and think it was coconut cake with chocolate icing. That's what that hungry I bet.

Well, do you call that hungry? I bet, I'm so hungry I could start eating right now and not stop until I was an old man with long whiskers.

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THE UMBRELLA'S ADVENT.

The first umbrella ever seen in this country reached Baltimore from England in July, 1770. Happily any of our present-day umbrellas found quite a while. People laughed at the mollycoddle contrivance, which was not only foolish but unnecessary, inasmuch as rain would not melt anybody.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

SANTA CLAUS TELLS A STORY.

The Christmas elves stopped dancing and singing and crowded close to the tree, and with their hands in glee at the pretty music.

Santa Claus came near and introduced the elves, and they all bowed to him. "Now off to the doll-babies," he commanded the latter with a wave of his hand toward a side door. "If you don't work a little faster there won't be nearly

Uncle Wiggily's Christmas

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(By Howard R. Garis)

"Well, I don't see that there is anything more than we can do," spoke Nurse Jane. "Fussy Wuzzy one day."

"No," agreed Uncle Wiggily. "Everything is ready for Christmas and Santa Claus is coming."

The muskrat lady looked around the sitting room of the hollow stump bungalow, where she and the bunny rabbit gentleman lived. In one corner was the Christmas tree. Uncle Wiggily had brought home the tree the taking crow, rode in the branches. Hanging on the branches were the stockings of the Nurse Jane and Uncle Wiggily.

For though the muskrat lady and the bunny gentleman were rather elderly and grown up, as you might say, they did the same things for Christmas that you children do—there had a tree and hung up their stockings.

"For it doesn't matter," said Uncle Wiggily, "whether we get any presents for ourselves on the tree, or in our stockings. Nurse Jane, if Santa Claus leaves one two for the animal children."

"Right you are!" squeaked the muskrat lady.

It was that Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane had made everything ready on the night before Christmas. When all was looking for a nice place to snug up.

"Well, I think we may as well go to sleep," said Uncle Wiggily. "Christmas will come all the more quickly."

They both went to bed and lay in the bunny gentleman's hollow stump bungalow.

They were a while, pretty soon, not so very long, Nurse Jane called from her room in a deep whisper:

"I say, Uncle Wiggily! Do you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Mr. Longears.

"That's the noise of Santa Claus coming down the chimney!"

"Oh, it must be too early for Santa Claus!" spoke Uncle Wiggily. "But I do hear a noise at the back door. I'll go down and see what it is."

"And I only hope it isn't the Pipsqueak or Skunkie!" thought Nurse Jane. "He's been climbing up the chimney and popping pop-plop-plop down the stairs. Of course the alphas didn't go down of themselves. The bunny gentleman's paws were in them."

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